

Twenty policemen from the Port Hamilton station and a number of soldiers from Fort Hamilton answered the call for help. They were able to trace the girl's progress by red stains along the sidewalk, and near the point of attack they found a spot twenty feet in diameter where the tall grass had been beaten down during what was evidently a long and desperate struggle. The girl, but, trampled into a shapeless mass, and bits of her jacket littered the solitary battle ground.

A heavy trail was left by the criminal when he fled. Bloodstains belonging to William Albers, who lives nearby, were put on the street. They rapidly faded, however, as the dog followed. A three-mile chase the dog followed. No more perfect spot could have been selected for the perpetration of such an outrage. The scene was taken by the girl and her from the trolley line at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street directly on Fifty-third street to her home. The house is a two-story frame dwelling, with a porch at the front that commands a full view of the roadway from the house to the trolley crossing. There is no other house on the block between the Waugh home and Fifth avenue.

A cement sidewalk stretches from the house to the car line. To the left of the sidewalk, going toward the house, the vacant property is unenclosed by a fence. There is no fence to mark the line between the grassy property and the public street. The distance from the trolley line to the house is only about 100 feet.

Miss Waugh had traveled half of this distance when she was attacked. Her father, who lives nearby, was working with his automobile in the garage at the rear of the house. Her mother was at the front porch anxiously awaiting the girl's return. The sound of the girl's scream, who had an engagement to attend a theatre with Chester Hayn, a jewelry salesman.

Police Commissioner Waldo said today that the police detective who was heading every energy to capture Miss Waugh's assailant. He pointed out the difficulty of making such a capture, and said that the man who committed such a crime usually had no accomplices.

In addition to the regular force of the precinct, twenty-two detectives are detailed on the case. The precinct in which the attack took place contains ninety-one miles of streets, and the entire police detail, including the officers, is only sixty-nine men, which makes it possible to have a man on post for the ninety-one miles of streets.

Miss Waugh was employed as a stenographer by John J. Jenkins, a lawyer, No. 36 Broadway. Mr. Jenkins was formerly connected with the State Comptroller's office.

**MOTHER FEARS DAUGHTER WILL END HER OWN LIFE.**

The young girl's mother fears that she will take her own life when she recovers. Miss Waugh said today that her daughter was fearfully depressed and that she spoke bitterly of her experience.

"She says that she cannot stand the disgrace," said the mother, "and I am afraid that she will try to harm herself just as soon as she is able. It had always been her wish to go out on the porch at the time she was due and watch her come from the car. It was so lonely and desolate a place that I always wanted her to go to the car and meet Agnes."

"I had been watching the cars from the house and three had passed. I knew she had an engagement for the theatre and knew that it might be possible that she remained in town for the engagement. The young man who was to take her told me that if he decided to remain in town, he would see me."

The fourth car came along and stopped at the corner. I saw the figure of a woman coming from the car and thought it was Agnes. I ran out on the street and as the figure passed I called 'Tottie—that is our pet name for our daughter. But the figure was that of an old woman.'

"I got worried and walked down the sidewalk for sixty feet or more. Then I heard a low cry."

"Mama, mama, I saw my daughter struggling toward me in the tall grass at the edge of the sidewalk. She wore a rain coat and it was covered with blood. I screamed and my husband came running from the house. I went to the police station as soon as we got the girl in the house and called for aid."

**FATHER SPENT THE NIGHT RUNNING DOWN CLUES.**

"When our little girl recovered she said that she had no recollection of her experience. She told me that she heard steps behind her and that a man, about thirty years of age, and wearing a cap, pushed out his hand and grasped her throat. Then the whole thing, she said, was vague. She was dazed when I found her and told me afterward that she thought that I was calling her to get up for work when she heard my voice."

George Waugh, the father, said that he had employed several chauffeurs and that he had gone to each of them and asked them for information during the night. In each case, he added, he found that none of his former employees had been concerned in the attack.

"We have no dogs in the house," he continued, "and they used to run to meet Tottie. But since an afternoon newspaper has been circulating against dogs we have been keeping them in the house."

## WILD STEER IN BROADWAY LEADS A LONG CHASE

Police Cowpunchers Shoot From Taxis Till Round Up in Thirty-third Street.

WAGONS ARE UPSET.

Pedestrians Bowled Over as Wounded Animal Races on to Escape Lasso.

A "wooded" steer gave Broadway a round-up as thrilling as any that ever graced the pages of fiction in the cold, grey dawn of today. In its modern metropolitan setting, it was as full of exciting episodes as if it had occurred among the men of the plains. And when it was all over and the quiescent beast had been slain within a stone's throw of the white lights, not a man in the pursuing throng envied the lot of the cowboy he had read about.

The steer was one of a shipment that arrived at 5 o'clock from the West, and was being driven to the Union Stock Yards at Eleventh street and North River, when its new-found freedom went to its head. Blushing other animals aside, it jumped the fence of the runway and rushed for the railroad tracks.

At Fifty-eighth street it turned and galloped to Ninth avenue, a detail from the stock yards shouting and gestulating in its wake. At the corner of the avenue stood Policeman Frank E. Furey of the West Forty-seventh street station. Furey used to be a Nebraska cowpuncher, and it was this steer he had seen in action in many years.

**WANTED TO RAM STEER WITH TAXICAB.**

He made a sweeping wallop with his club as the steer passed, but he didn't get it. Faster the animal sped and Furey commiserated a taxicab driven by Joseph Nixon of No. 241 East Seventy-fourth street and started in pursuit. As they approached, Furey wanted the chauffeur to ram the maddened steer, but the chauffeur wouldn't take a chance.

Furey fished out the tow line and as his shocks from time to time had no apparent effect he decided to lasso the steer. At Forty-fifth street and Ninth avenue he succeeded in dropping a noose over the animal's neck. The steer was hoarse and for that reason hard to rope. The other end of the cord was hitched to the taxicab, but only for a moment, for the animal gave a desperate lunge and the rope parted.

All this time policemen and pedestrians were coming from all directions. Nightsticks rapped on the pavements, police whistles sounded on corners and between the blocks and shots cracked all along the line. A man who tried to grab the end of the trailing lasso was bowled over. He was hit at Forty-fifth street and started north again in Ninth avenue. From behind dozens of elevated pillars the revolvers of policemen spat fire and lead, but the animal did not slacken its pace.

At Fifty-eighth street and Ninth avenue police whistles made an unsuccessful attempt to shoot the steer, and, failing, pressed into service another taxicab. By the time the quarry started through Forty-eighth street for Broadway there were half a dozen automobiles, most of them containing policemen, trailing the bleeding beast.

**BAKERY WAGON OVERTURNED BY MADDENED ANIMAL.**

A bakery wagon stood at Forty-seventh street and Broadway. The driver turned a broadside to the lumbering steer, expecting to head it off. His wagon was turned over and he was thrown to the street. Even that interruption did not enable the collected taxicabs to get around in front of the animal.

Dozens of taxis and other autos from Long Acre square joined the chase. The procession got to Forty-seventh street. There were policemen also on bicycles and horses and some afoot. At the "busiest corner in the world" the steer collided with a milk wagon and overturned it.

In many places the animal took to the sidewalk and hurled a man or two. The ground that the police were unable to keep track of them. None happened to be seriously injured.

Down Broadway the shooting continued whenever the policemen could safely fire and wounds could be seen all over the animal's body. The crowd increased as they were crossing. At Thirty-third street an automobile darted out in front of the steer and it swerved, dashing between a man and a woman on the pavement, knocking both down. Then it headed into a plate glass window, but glanced off without breaking it.

At Thirty-third street the steer turned east. Firemen in the quarters of Truck No. 24, just off Broadway, had heard the tumult and ran out with fire hooks and other implements, but not a man could trip the beast, which whirled around and plunged toward Seventh avenue.

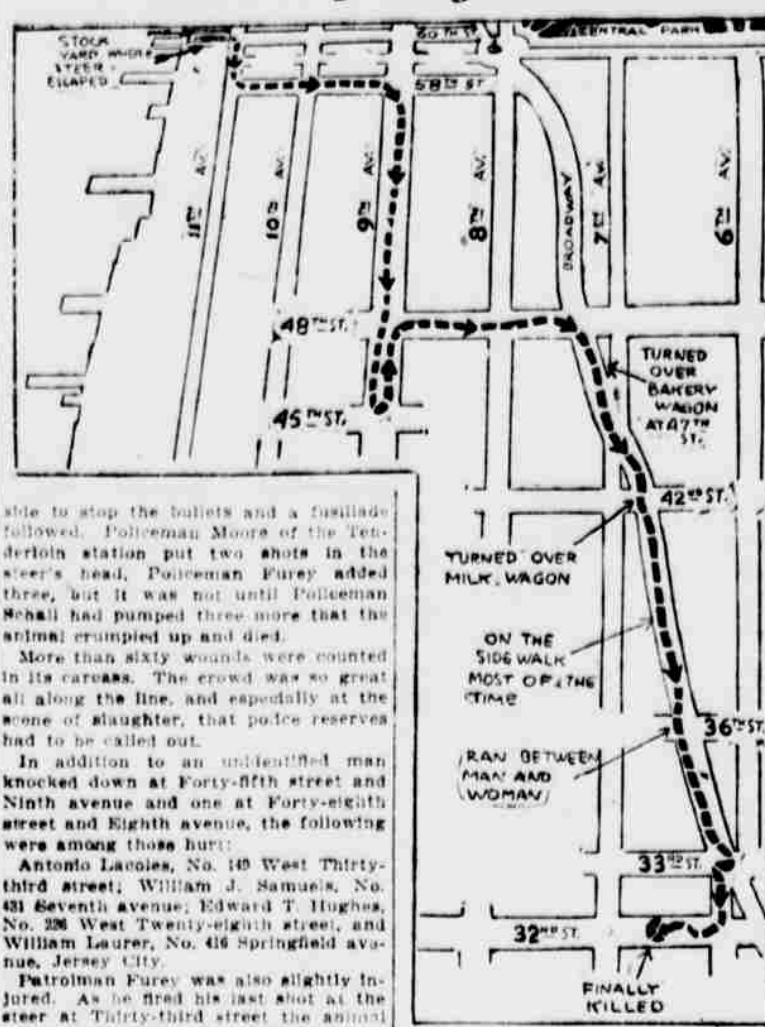
All this time the taxicab pursuers were trying for a chance to get in a fatal shot without endangering human lives. Finally in Thirty-third street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, a cordon of autos formed around the weakened animal.

**ICEMAN NO COWPUNCHER, HE FINDS.**

Policeman Furey had another try with his lasso and thought he had the steer when he caught the head of No. 24 West Twenty-third street, an ice man, grabbed the rope to help. The steer got its wind again just in time to jerk Antonio head over heels and try to break through the line of captors.

There was a big board fence on one

## How Broadway Played Wild West



## OLD GUARD KICKS AT SLATE PICKED BY FUSIONISTS

Demands That Republicans Name Sheriff and Additional Supreme Court Justice.

The plan to wish the Democratic Union-Citizens' Union-Independence League ticket on the Republican organization struck a snag in the Republican County Convention at Eldorado Hall, Fifty-second street and Broadway, this afternoon. Under the leadership of Abraham Gruber and William H. Ten Eyck the Old Guard balked at endorsing the ticket that names John J. Hopper, Independence League, for Sheriff, Francis M. Scott, Clarence J. Shearn, Henry De Forest Baldwin and Nathan Ottlinger for Justices of the Supreme Court and Douglas Mathewson for Surrogate.

"I am willing to fuse," announced Gruber, "but I want the Republican organization to have something besides the tail end of the fusion. Are we going to let the Independence League and the Citizens' Union and the Democratic League—whatever that is—name our ticket? Are we going to be a number stamp in this matter?"

The Old Guard Republicans proclaimed that they wanted the nomination for Sheriff and an additional nomination for Supreme Court Justice. They said that, inasmuch as there is a chance for a fusion ticket to win, the Republican organization should not allow the minor political groups opposed to Tammany Hall to hog a majority of the offices.

County Chairman Samuel S. Koenig, who is the so-called progressive element, which is in a majority in the County Committee, favored swallowing the fusion ticket whole.

The delegates went into convention at 4 o'clock prepared for a fight on that line.

Previous to the convention conferences of the opposing leaders were held at the Republican Club in West Fourth street and at the headquarters of the Republican County Committee in West Thirty-ninth street. The Gruber crowd framed up a new slate, but would not make public the names of their candidates for Sheriff and one of the Supreme Court Justices. They were agreeable to Surgeon as he is an organization Republican.

**MINNESIN IN GOOD SHAPE.**

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.—The American League champions and their supporting partners, the All-Stars, are expected to return to this city today for their final appearance prior to the opening of the world's championship series in New York on Saturday. Reports from the South indicate that Manager Mack has succeeded in putting the finishing touches on his program and that they will all be in perfect condition for their battle to retain their title of champions of the world.

Chief Bender, Jack Coombs and Eddie Plank, on whom it is believed Mack has pinned his hopes for retaining the flag, are all said to be in great form, while the other twickers are also said to be in good condition. Jack McIntire, the injured first baseman, was in yesterday's practice and showed that he is in condition to start in the series Saturday.

**GOMPERS CONTEMPT CASE AGAIN UP IN COURT.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—President Gompers, Vice-President Mitchell and Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor, today petitioned the District Supreme Court to dissolve the charge of contempt preferred against them by a committee of lawyers appointed by the court last May after the Supreme Court of the United States had decided jail sentences for the labor leaders were illegal, because they had been criminally charged in a civil case.

**SCHOOLGIRL DISAPPEARS.**

Stepmother Believes Angelina Cincola Was Kidnapped.

Mrs. Concetta (Cincola) of No. 219 First avenue believes her stepdaughter Angelina Cincola, thirteen years old, has been kidnapped. She reported to the East One Hundred and Fourth street police today that the girl did not go back to school after luncheon yesterday. The girl is pretty. She was in her usual good spirits when she went home yesterday at noon. Detective Reid who investigated the case says she had been neighbors that a man not known in the vicinity had been heard asking her to take a walk, but the girl had refused.

The girl wore a blue dress trimmed with white lace, but had no hat.

## NEW YORK WOMEN HAVE NEAT ANKLES, SAYS MR. DICKENS

Not Beefy or "Bulging" Like Some of Those of Her Boston Sisters.

DRESS IN RARE TASTE.

He Is Not in Favor of Woman Dominating the Man of the House.

New York women have perfectly good ankles. The ankles of Boston women are only now and then sufficiently slender.

Alfred Tenyson Dickens, son of the great novelist, is responsible for the ankle data. He landed in Boston in a rainstorm and his first view of the city consisted mainly of umbrellas, lifted skirts and—what's under the latter. Likewise rainy yesterday, his first day in Manhattan, called forth the ankle brigade. Obviously, he is in a position to institute comparisons.

"The report that I said all Boston ankles were beefy is slightly exaggerated," he declared today. "But very many women who passed along in front of the chubbiness where I was staying showed thick and ungraceful ankles."

"Here in New York I have seen none that were not very nice indeed. Please do not misunderstand—I am not a particularly close observer, but on a rainy day when one is not blind one must notice certain effects."

**NEW YORK WOMEN'S TASTE IN DRESS.**

"I think it is the beautiful manner of dressing which has impressed me most in New York women," continued Mr. Dickens. "They combine the most exquisite colors with a perfect fit. Every accessory is perfect, too, even to the pointed slipper and high heels. Perhaps that is why their ankles and indeed their feet seem particularly slender and graceful."

"They dress their hair wonderfully, and even when they are plump they seem to keep from looking fat. They have beautiful teeth and charming eyebrows. I noticed that one of your ministers accused them of painting the other day, but I personally have not observed it."

"The London women paint a great deal, even the perfectly respectable ones, but there seems less artificiality here."

**AMERICAN WOMEN ARE BETTER EDUCATED.**

"American women, judging from those I have met with here and in my sister's home in London, are better educated and more widely read than most English women. They are up in something besides the latest novels. And they have a very pretty native wit of their own, so that their conversation is always entertaining and frequently brilliant."

"Personally I find that a beautiful woman is all the more lovely for being clever. I do not think it seems to me that the modern ideal of woman is higher than it ever was before. In my father's time it was enough for a woman to be pretty and domestic. Men didn't expect her to think if she knew how to smile and cook. But today we desire everything—brains, beauty, goodness and domestic talents. The best modern women combine these traits in a truly remarkable way."

"I am still old-fashioned in one respect," added Mr. Dickens. "I do think that the husband should be the head of the family. He invariably holds this position in the British Empire. Here I understand the wife is more independent, and thinks nothing of setting herself up in opposition to her husband. The trouble with this type of woman is that she generally has too much pleasure and not enough work. A superfluity of pleasure is the danger of our modern civilization. Husband and wife should pull together, but in any case of individual decision the husband's will should be law."

"I like American men very much, however. My neighbors are more like the people here than they are like Englishmen. I have spent most of my life in Melbourne, Australia, you know. Americans and Australians both have more energy, more ability to get things accomplished, than the English."

**Held as Opium Seller.**

Joseph Shay was held for trial in \$1,000 by Magistrate House in Harlem Court today. He was charged with running an opium den at No. 240 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. Detectives Hughes, Green, Robinson and Moses of Inspector Swaney's staff seized a number of pipes and a quantity of opium and arrested five men and two women. Charges of disorderly conduct were made against them, but they were discharged.

**Always Keep EVANS' ALE**

a dozen bottles of

in the house for health and pleasure, or to "Welcome the coming or speed the parting guest."

The Always Ready Entertainer

Nearest Grocer or Dealer.

## IRVIN COBB The Humorist AND BOZEMAN BULGER The Baseball Expert WILL REPORT THE WORLD'S SERIES IN THE EVENING WORLD

3 WEEKS' BRIDE SHOWERS BOTTLES UPON BRIDEGROOM

"Cheap" Skate, She Says Who, Though Jeweller, Gave Her No Diamond Ring.

Even as the shoemaker's children go barefooted, so does the wife of a diamond merchant go without an engagement ring, according to the story of Mrs. Florence Schultz, twenty-nine years old, of No. 45 West Thirtieth street. Mrs. Schultz was fined \$25 in Jefferson Market Court today for giving her husband, Charles, reminders of the fact that their honeymoon was in its third radiant week. The reminders were beer bottles which Mrs. Schultz threw at her husband with dexterity.

Mrs. Schultz explained the attack by saying her husband was "cheap."

"He got on my nerves, he was that stingy," she added. "Why, he wouldn't have cards printed announcing our marriage. He wanted to save the money, and he said folks would know soon enough that we were married."

"Just think of him, Judge, selling diamonds and not stung to give me an engagement ring! He married me without an engagement to save the ring, and when I told him that other women had them and asked for one he gave me a handsome diamond."

"To keep my engagement ring I had to pawn it, or he would have taken it to sell to a customer."

The Court wanted further light on the reasons that possessed Mrs. Schultz to throw the bottles and to allude to her liege lord as "a big stiff" and "a cheap skate."

"My wife was so jealous," put in Schultz, "that she objected to my keeping a photograph of an old sweetheart on the bureau. I hope to be electrocuted if I gave her that ring. I let her wear it so I could find a customer for it, and she pawned it. I've got the ticket."

So Magistrate Corrigan fined Mrs. Schultz \$25, by way of justifying the accuracy of her husband's opinion that the public would find out soon enough that they were married.

**CRUSHED MAN IN ELEVATOR**

(Continued from First Page.)

At No. 36 Liberty street, passing through Thirty-fourth street at 12:19 o'clock, the man was crushed. He was seen by heard groans and cries. He saw the iron doors of the elevator shaft bulging upward and quivering. Others joined Allen as he watched, and a policeman ran up to see what was happening.

The policeman and the onlookers tried to force the iron doors. A man ran from the hardware store across the street and attacked the lock with a crowbar. Their labors were fruitless and a hook and ladder company was called from Thirty-third street, near Broadway.

The firemen, with their axes and pikes, pried the iron doors open, disclosing Swift lying on his back on the platform.

**PENNY A POUND PROFIT**

Special for Thursday, the 12th PEPPERMINT CHOCOLATES, POUND BOX 10c

MEXICAN STYLE PECAN RISERS, POUND BOX 29c

Milk Chocolate Covered Canton Ginger

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**Is Your Home Happy?**

THE PASSING OF THE CRADLE

form, with his legs hanging over the edge and his waist jammed between the platform and the sidewalk. The chains of the elevator had worked off the wheels and the car was wedged.

A fireman got into the narrow room, but, not understanding how to work the motor operating the elevator, was unable to help. Then Auemiller was sent for. He examined the elevator and motor and said it was impossible to move the platform.

**VICTIM SLOWLY DYING AS CROWD LOOKS ON.**

In the meantime an ambulance, with Dr. Ross, had arrived from New York Hospital, and Father John Lane of St. Michael's Church had been summoned. While the crowd looked on with bared heads, Father Lane administered extreme unction to the man pinned in the elevator. Then Dr. Ross took charge of the case and began his administration of morphine.

Swift was dying before the eyes of the men who were trying to rescue him. Owing to the restricted space, few firemen could work at a time. They tried in vain to saw the platform and cut it apart with chains and rope, but it was reinforced with steel that turned the edges of their tools.

After Swift had been imprisoned an hour, workmen arrived from the manufacturing concern that installed the elevator. They were in charge of an expert, who decided that the only course was to take the elevator apart. Aided by the firemen, under the direction of Acting Battalion Chief Reynolds, this job was tackled. It was slow work and Swift had been wedged in an hour and a half before he was lifted out and taken to the hospital.

The only explanation of the case is that Swift sat on the elevator platform down to the basement, and it ran to the top and caught him before he could jump off.

**CONFESSES THE MURDERS OF A WOMAN AND MAN.**

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—James Dyrart today confessed the murder of Mrs. Amelia Rhoades and her cousin, Frank E. Rhoades, on the Holton farm in Anoka County, on Sept. 12.

**THOUGHT HE SHOULD GO MAD WITH ECZEMA**

On Face and Scalp. Dry, Scaly, Itching and Burning. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and After a Few Days, Eczema Was Cured.

"I suffered from the early part of December until nearly the beginning of March with severe skin eruptions on my face and scalp. At first I treated it as a trivial matter. But after having used Cuticura Soap, medicated washings, cold cream, vanishing cream, etc., I found no relief whatever. After that, I diagnosed my case as eczema because of its dry, scaly appearance. The itching and burning of my scalp became so intense that I thought I should go mad, having sleepless nights for months, and only at intervals, waking up now and then because of the itching and stinging of my skin. Having read different testimonials of cure by the Cuticura Remedies, I decided to purchase a box of Cuticura Ointment and a box of Cuticura Soap. After using them a few days I recognized a marked change in my skin. The itching and burning of my scalp was entirely cured, all due to using Cuticura Soap and Ointment daily. Hereafter I will never be without a box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I hope you will publish my letter so that others may learn of Cuticura Remedies and be cured. Signed David M. Shaw, c/o Paymaster, Pier 55, N. Y. New York."

Although Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, it is better to get the 32-page booklet on the skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to Putnam Drug & Chem. Co., Dept. 153, Boston.

**PETER DOELGER FIRST PRIZE BEER**

Expressly for the Home

A little higher in price than ordinary beer—a great deal higher in quality.

Supplied by all first-class dealers. Served in leading Hotels and Cafes.

**Thinness Easily Overcome.**

(From "Health and Beauty.")

Further evidence is being presented almost daily that a recent compound of new chemical elements combined in a tablet with hypophosphites is in reality proving a blessing to the abnormally thin men and women, for it can be demonstrated beyond doubt that a regular course of three or four months' treatment brings an increase in weight of from 10 to 20 pounds, with a decided improvement of health and color too. For full administration of the most powerful form to be found in three grain hypophosphite tablets, obtainable in sealed packages from the best apothecaries shops, with full directions.

To relieve headache and neuralgia harmlessly, take Blau's Pain-Away-Pills. At drug stores.

**CARPET CLEANSING**

By Compressed Air and Hot Water. FIRE-PROOF STORAGE for Household Goods.

**T.M. STEWART**

439-442 WEST 51ST ST.

**An Invitation to Women.**

The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., cordially invite any woman interested to call at their laboratory at Lynn, Mass., and see for herself the care which is taken with the vast correspondence received from the women of this country. No letter or testimonial has ever been made public without the writer's wish or consent of the writer. No confidence has ever been violated, and never in their history have they sold or disposed of any of their letters from women. It is for these reasons that thousands of suffering American Women every year feel free to write Mrs. Pinkham for her valuable advice, which is always given free of charge.

**Does She**

Want

a Piano?

Your wife or daughter has perhaps been asking you to buy a piano for some time; and you surely would not delay if you realized that when young is the time to learn, and that time once past, it can't be recalled. Our proposition makes your purchase easy.

**POPULAR PEASE PIANOS**

have been famous for their durability for 67 years and you don't have to be an expert to select a good one.

Our new pianos cost from \$385 up; low indeed for a piano that gives a lifetime of satisfaction. \$125 for used pianos that are Reliable and much better than cheap new ones; the full Pease guarantee with each. Easy payments if you wish. Write for Catalog and list of dealers.

**PEASE PIANO CO.,**

128 W. 42d St., nr. Broadway, N.Y.

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**Obol**

Soundness of Teeth

**CLEAN your teeth and**

rinse your mouth with Odo!

in the morning and before retiring—then your breath will be always delightfully fresh and your mouth free from dangerous impurities.

All Druggists and Department Stores.

**GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.**

Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

**Thinness Easily Overcome.**

(From "Health and Beauty.")

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